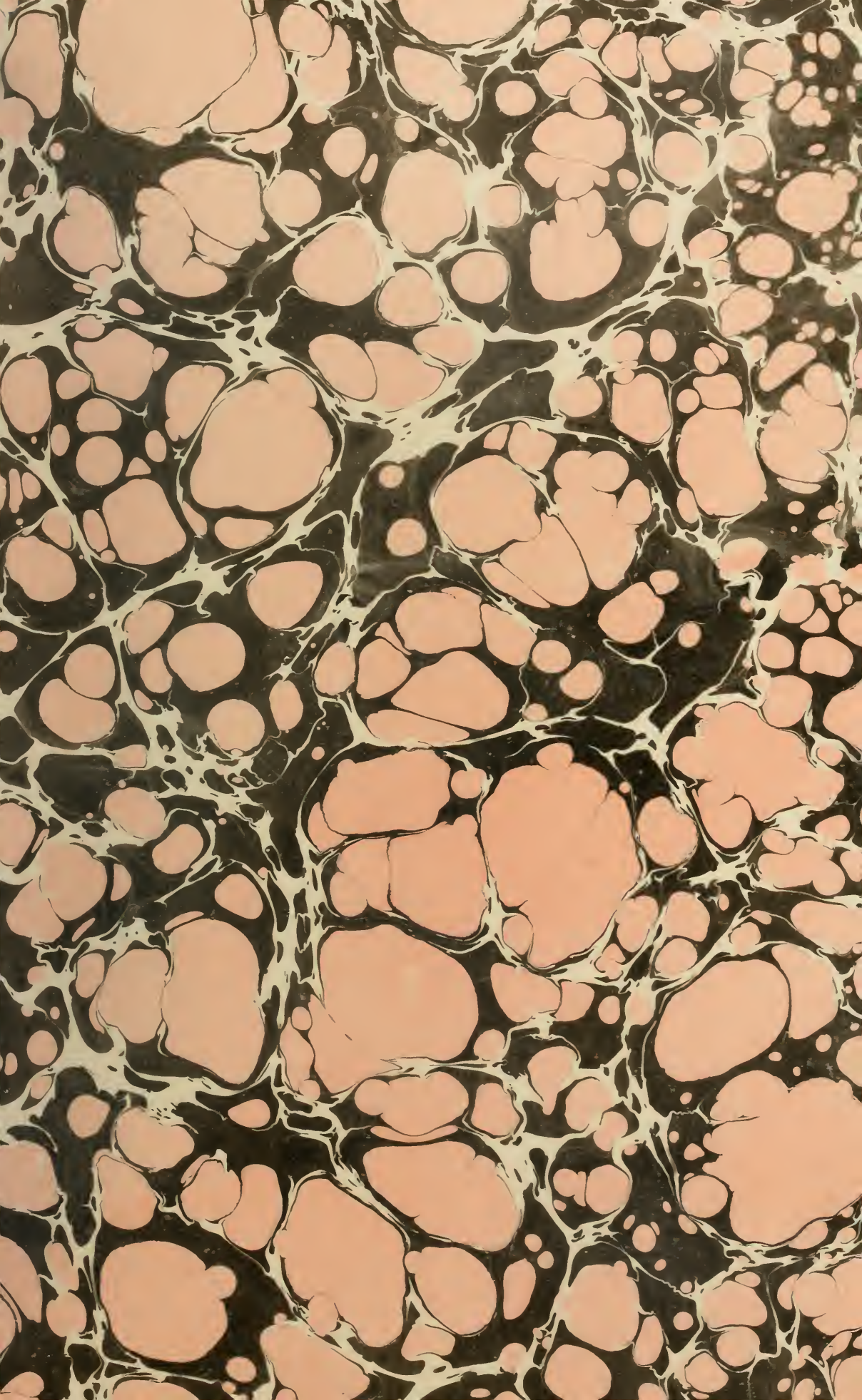




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A
D I A L O G U E
BETWEEN A
MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,
AND
His SERVANT.

(Price One Shilling)

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN A
MEMBER of PARLIAMENT
AND
His SERVANT.

IN IMITATION of the
Seventh Satire of the Second Book of *HORACE*.

*Quid Leges sine Moribus
Vanæ proficiunt ?*

H O R.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, *Esq*;

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-mall*; and
sold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster row*. 1752.

H O R A T I I.

LIB. II. SATIRA VII.

Davus.

Jamdudum ausculto, & cupiens tibi dicere servus
 Pauca, reformido.

Hor. Davusne?

A

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT, and his SERVANT.

Servant.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme
A gen'ral Reformation-scheme,
To keep the Poor from ev'ry fin,
From Gaming, Murther, and from Gin.
And now have I no less an itch
To venture to Reform the Rich.

5

A 2

M. What,

Hor. *Davusne ? D. Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis ; hoc est,
Ut vitale putes. H. Age, libertate Decembri
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere : narra.*

5

*D. Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
Propositum : pars multa natat ; modo recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modo leva Priscus inani.
Vixit inequalis, clavum ut mutaret in horas :
Ædibus ex magnis subito se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè :*

10

Jam

M. What, *John* ! are you too turn'd projector ?

Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.

For since a Member, as 'tis said,

His projects to his servants read,

10

And of a fav'rite speech a book made,

With which he tir'd each night a Cook-maid,

And so it hapt that ev'ry morning

The tasteless creatures gave him warning.

Since thus we use 'em, tis but reason

15

We hear our servants in their season.

Begin. *S.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Perfist in constant vice combin'd.

In races, routs, the stews, and White's,

Pass all their days and all their nights.

20

Others again, like Lady Prue,

Who gives the morning church its due,

At noon is painted, drest and curl'd,

And one amongst the wicked world :

Keeps her account exactly even,

25

As thus : Prue Creditor to Heaven :

To

Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volaneriis, postquam illi justa chiragra 15
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit : quanto constantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miser ac prior illo,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat. 20

H. Non

To Sermons heard on Extra-days.

Debtor : To masquerades and plays.

Item : To Whitfield, half an hour :

Per Contra : To the Colonel, Four.

30

Others, I say, pass half their time
In Folly, Idleness or Crime ;
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And ev'ry throat resounds Reform.

A Lord his youth in ev'ry vice
Indulg'd, but chief in Drabs and Dice.
Till worn by age, disease, and gout :
Then Nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord ---- who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling Dice and Doxy.

35

40

I laud this Constant Wretch's state
And pity all who fluctuate ;
Prefer this slave to dear Back-gammon,
To those who serve both God and Mammon :
To those who take such pains to awe
The Nation's vices by the *Law*,
Yet while they draw their bills so ample,
Neglect the influence of *Example*.

45

H. *Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,
 Furcifer?* D. *Ad te, inquam.* H. *Quo pacto, pessime?* D. *Laudas
 Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
 Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat, usque recuses :
 Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse ; 25
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis ; & hæres,
 Nequicquam cæno cupiens evellere plantam.
 Romæ rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem
 Tellis ad astra levis : si nusquam es fortè vocatus
 Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus, at velut usquam 30
 Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,
 Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. Fusserit ad se
 Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire
 Convivam, Nemoni oleum feret ocyus ? ecquis
 Audit ? cum magno blateras clamore, furisque. 35*

Milvius

M. To whom d'ye preach this senseless sermon?

S. To you, good Sir. *M.* To Me, ye Vermin ? 50

S. To you, who ev'ry day profess

T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,

But yet your Heart sincerer praise

Bestows on these or Charles's days :

You still approve some absent place 55

(The present's ever in disgrace.)

And, such your special inconstance,

Make the chief merit in the distance.

If e'er you miss a supper-card

(Tho' all the while you think it hard) 60

You're all for solitude and quiet,

Good hours and vegetable diet,

Reflection, air and elbow room :

No Prifon like a crouded Drum.

But should you meet her Grace's summons 65

In full committee of the Commons,

Tho' well you know her crouded house

Will scarce contain another mouse,

You quit the buſineſs of the nation,

And Brethren of the Reformation. 70

B

Tho'

*Milvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati
 Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
 Ducî ventre levem : nasum nidore supinor :
 Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde popino.
 Tu cùm sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultrò
 Insectere velut melior, verbisque decoris
 Obvolvas vitium ? quid, si me stultior ipso
 Quingentis empto drachmis deprnderis ? Aufer
 Me vultu terrere : manum stomachumque teneto,
 Dum quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo.*

40

45

Te

Tho' —— begs you'll stay and vote

And zealous - - - - - tears your coat.

You damn your coachman, storm and stare ;

And tear your throat to call a chair.

Nay, never frown, and good now hold 75

Your hand awhile : I've been so bold

To paint your Follies ; now I'm in,

Let's have a Word or two on Sin.

Last Night I heard a learned Poulterer

Lay down the Law against th' Adulterer : 80

And let me tell you, Sir, that few

Hear better doctrine in a pew.

Well ! you may laugh at Robin-Hood :

I wish your studies were as good.

From *Mandeville* you take your Morals : 85

Your Faith from Controversial quarrels ;

But ever lean to those who scribble

Their crudities against the Bible ;

Yet tell me I shall crack my brain

With hearing Henley or Romaine. 90

Deserves that Critick most rebuke

In judging on the Pentateuch,

Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum :
Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius ? acris ubi me
Natura incendit ; sub clarâ nuda lucernâ
Quæcunque excepit turgentis verbera caudæ,
Dimittit, neque famosum, neque sollicitum, ne 51
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu cum, projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ, 55
Non es quod simulas ? metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.

Quid

Who deems it, with some wild Fanatics,
 The only School of Mathematics?
 Or he, who making grave Profession, 95
 To lay aside all Prepossession,
 Calls it a Bookfeller's Edition
 Of Maim'd Records and Vague Tradition?

You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods :
 I take a *Piece* at Peter Wood's ; 100
 And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
 Unwounded in my heart or honor,
 I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
 Of Richer Culls, or Prettier Fellows.
 But you, the grave and sage Reformer, 105
 Must go by Stealth to meet your charmer ;
 Must change your Star and ev'ry note
 Of honor for a Bear-skin coat.
 That Legislative head so wise
 Must stoop to base and mean disguise. 110
 Some Abigail must then receive you,
 Brib'd by the Husband to deceive you.

She

Quid refert uri virgis, ferroque necari ?
Auctoratus eas ; an turpi clausus in arcâ,
Quò te demisit peccati conscia herilis, 60
Contractum genibus tangas caput ?
Ibis sub furcâ prudens, dominoque furènti
Committes rem omnem, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.
Evâsti ? credo metues, doctusque cavebis.
Quæres quando iterùm paveas, iterumque perire
Possis. O toties servus ! quæ bellua ruptis 70
Cùm semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis ?
Non sum mæchus, ais : neque ego hercule fur, ubi vasa
Prætereo sapiens argentea : tolle periculum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis,
Tunc mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque 75
Tot tantisque minor ; quem ter vindicta quaterque
Imposita haud unquam miserâ formidine privet ?
Adde supradiçtis, quod non levius valeat. Nam
Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos
Vester ait, seu conservus ; tibi quid sum ego ? neimpè 80
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

She spies Cornuto on the stairs :
 Wakes you ; then melted by your Pray'rs,
 Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it, 115
 To pack your Worship in the basket.
 Laid Neck and Heels true Falstaff-fashion ;
 There form new schemes of Reformation.

Thus 'scap'd the murd'ring Husband's fury,
 Or thumping fine of Cuckold Jury ; 120
 Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
 You'll live to all intrigues a stranger.
 No ; ere you've time for this reflection ;
 Some new debauch is in projection.
 And for the next approaching night, 125
 Contrivance for another fright.
 This makes you, tho' so great, so grave,
 Nay ! wonder not, an abject slave.
 As much a slave as I ; nay more ;
 I serve one master, you a score. 130
 And as your various passions rule,
 By turns are twenty Tyrants' Fool.

M. Who

H. *Quisnam igitur liber ?* D. *Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus :*

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent :

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores 85

Fortis ; & in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,

Externi nequid valeat per læve morari.

In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. Potesne

Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere ? Quinque talenta

Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum 90

Perfundit gelidâ ; rursus vocat. Eripe turpi

Colla jugo. Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis ;

Urget

M. Who then is free? *S.* The Wife alone,
 Who only bows to Reason's throne;
 Whom neither Want, nor Death, nor Chains, 135
 Nor subtle Persecutor's pains,
 Nor Honors, Wealth, nor Lust can move
 From Virtue and his Country's Love.
 Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
 External insults can he feel? 140
 Or ere present one weaker part
 To Fortune's most insidious dart.
 Much honor'd Master, may you find
 These wholesome symptoms in your mind.
 Can you be free while passions rule you? 145
 While women ev'ry moment fool you?
 While forty mad capricious whores
 Invite, then turn you out of doors;
 Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
 Then bid their happier footman kick you? 150
 Convinc'd by ev'ry new disaster,
 You serve a more despotic master.

Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
Subiectat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.
Vel cùm Pauſiacâ torpes, infane, tabellâ, 95
Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cum Fulvi, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut ſi
Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri? Nequam & ceſſator Davus: at ipſe 100
Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.
Nil ego, ſic ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cœnis reſponſat opimis.
Obſequium ventris mihi pernicioſius eſt cur?
Tergo plector enim: quâ tu impunitior, illa, 105
Quæ

Say can your pride or folly see
Such diff'rence 'twixt yourself and me ?

Shall you be struck with Titian's tints, 155
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints ?
Dispos'd along th' extensive glafs
They catch and hold me ere I pass.

Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I see the very stage they fought on : 160

The Bruisers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.

Yet I'm a loit'rer, to be sure,
You a great Judge and Conoisseur.

Shall you prolong the midnight ball 165
With costly banquet at Vaux-hall,

And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadlers-wells, or Cuper's ?

Are these less innocent in fact,
Or only made so by the Act ? 170

Quæ parvo sumi nequeunt, cùm obsonio captas ?
Nempè inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,
Illusque pedes vitiosum ferre recusant
Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvâ
Furtivam mutat strigiliem ? Qui prædia vendit,
Nil servile gulæ parens habet ? Adde quod idem

Non

Those who † contribute to the tax
 On tea and chocolate and wax,
 With high ragouts their blood inflame,
 And nauseate what they eat for fame,
 Of these the Houses take no knowledge 175
 But leave them fairly to the College.
 Oh ! ever prosper their endeavours
 To aid your Dropsies, Gouts and Fevers.

Can it deem'd a shame or fin
 To pawn my livery for gin, 180
 While Bonds and Mortgages at White's
 Shall raise your fame with Arthur's Knights ?
 Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
 Nor strive to pass a slur on Gaming ;
 But rather to devise each Session 185
 Some law in honor o' th' profession.

Left

† It was urged in the Petitions of some of the Houses of Publick Entertainment, that the Suppression of them might greatly diminish the Duties on Tea, Chocolate, and Wax-Lights.

*Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia rectè
 Ponere ; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro ;
 Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam,
 Frustrà : nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem. 115*

H.

Left fordid hands or vulgar place
 The noble myst'ry should debase ;
 Left ragged scoundrels in an alehouse,
 Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows ; 190
 Or boys the sacred rites profane
 With orange barrows in a lane.
 Where lies the merit of your labors
 To curb the follies of your neighbours ;
 Deter the Gambler, and prevent his 195
 Confed'rate arts to gull the prentice ;
 Unless you could yourself desist
 From Hazard, Faro, Brag, and Whist?
 Unless your Philosophic Mind
 Can from within amusement find, 200
 And give at once to use and pleasure
 That truly precious time, your leisure.

In vain your busy Thoughts prepare
 Deceitful Sepulchres of care :
 The downy couch, the sparkling bowl, 205
 And all that lulls or sooths the soul—

H. *Unde mihi lapidem?* D. *Quorsum est opus?* H. *Unde sagittas?*

D. *Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* H. *Ocyùs hinc te*

Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

F I N I S.

M. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger ?

I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

S. Heyday ! my master's brain is crackt !

Or else he's making some new Act.

210

M. To fet such Rogues as you to Work,

Perhaps, * or fend you to the Turk.

* Among the many projects for the punishment of Rogues, it has been frequently propos'd to fend them in exchange for English Slaves in Algiers.

F I N I S.



